MESSIAH:

A

POEM,

IN TWO PARTS.

PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF

THE GENERAL HOSPITAL AT BATH,

BY

MISS SCOTT,

AUTHOR OF THE FEMALE ADVOCATE.

——— O come great day! when neither
Partial Intereſt, nor fancied Good,
Shall reign: but pureſt Sympathy and Love,
Freedom, and all the heav'n of *ſocial peace*;
Guile, *war*, and baneful *tyranny*, extinct;
While Man, not ſlave to local prejudice,
Shall triumph in the happineſs of man
Wherever plac'd: friend to his native ſoil,
But—PATRIOT of the WORLD.

LOFT'S EUDOSIA.

PRINTED BY R. CRUTTWELL,
AND SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN BATH:
SOLD ALSO
BY J. JOHNSON, No. 72, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, LONDON.
M DCC LXXXVIII.

MESSIAH:

A POEM,

IN TWO PARTS.

PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF

THE GENERAL HOSPITAL AT BATH.

PRINTED BY R. CRUTTWELL,

AND SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN BATH:

BY J. JOHNSON, No. 72, St. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, LONDON.

M DCC LXXXVI.

TO THE

REV. ********** *******, M. A.

AS A TESTIMONY OF ESTEEM

FOR THE EXALTED VIRTUES

THAT

ADORN HIS CHARACTER;

AS AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE

FOR PERSONAL FAVORS

CONFERRED ON THE AUTHOR;

THIS POEM

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MUCH OBLIGED FRIEND AND SERVANT,

M. SCOTT.

Milborne-Port, March 1st, 1788.

TO THE

REV. ********** ********, M. A.

AS A TESTIMONY OF ESTEEM

FOR THE EXALTED VIRTUES

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADORN THE CHARACTER,

AS AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE

FOR PERSONAL FAVORS

CONFERRED ON THE AUTHOR,

THIS POEM

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MUCH OBLIGED FRIEND AND SERVANT,

M. SCOTT.

MESSIAH.

PART I.

ARMS, and the men for deeds of arms renown'd,
Proud Fame! with thy time-fading laurels crown'd,
Let others fondly ſing.*——My artleſs lyre
A milder Hero's virtues ſhall inſpire.
To Thee, bright offſpring of th' Eternal Mind,
Thou Prince of Peace, thou Friend of human kind!
To Thee, my ardent ſpirit burns to raiſe
The votive tribute of ſincereſt praiſe;

* This Poem was occaſioned by reading Mr. *Hayley*'s animated exhortation to Mr. *Maſon* to write a national Epic Poem. (See Mr. *Hayley*'s Eſſay on Epic Poetry, 4to. p. 114.) The peruſal of thoſe elegant lines inſenſibly led the Author to contraſt the character of THAT HERO, on whom the Chriſtian's eye ſhould be invariably fixed, with the heroes of the world.

The godlike merits of thy life to ſcan,
And draw the portrait of *the Perfect Man!*
No Pupil, Thou, of *Zeno*'s ſtoic ſchool,
But form'd by Boundleſs Wiſdom's nobleſt rule;
In Thee, each generous, kind affection ſhone
With fervour, found in thy great ſoul alone;
Deſtin'd by thine Almighty Father's grace,
The bright exemplar of the human race!

In all the pomp of verſe, in times of old,
The Bard Divine* thy myſtic birth foretold,
And ſung, in rapture's animating ſtrain,
The peaceful glories of thy promis'd reign.

Bright Morning Star!† from thy reſplendent ray
Shall darkling man derive celeſtial day;
Wide ſhall thy renovating light expand,
And cheer, ere time expire, each diſtant land.

* Iſaiah. † See Rev. xxii. 26.

Mild Prince of Peace! where'er thy banners ſpread,
Triumphing virtue ſhall erect her head;
Arm'd with the conqu'ring energy of GOD,
Thy hand ſhall break oppreſſion's iron rod!
War's brazen trump no more the ear ſhall wound,
Nor earth, her bleeding children's groans reſound;
Each hoſtile nation ſhall thy laws obey,
And own the meek MESSIAH's gentle ſway.

Thy life's firſt dawn, angelic voices ſung;
To joy's bold notes their golden harps they ſtrung;
And whilſt the ſwift-wing'd meſſengers of love,
Lightſome as air, deſcended from above,
A radiance round them ſhone more richly bright
Than day's gay orb in its meridian height;
Its dazzling beams the watchful ſhepherds ſaw,
And gaz'd, and trembled with unwonted awe.
Them, thus th' Ambaſſadors of Heav'n addreſt:——
'Be every fear which racks your minds ſuppreſt;

'To you, ye favour'd ſons of men, from heav'n,
'O news divine! is now a Saviour giv'n;
'Glory to GOD! to the wide peopled earth
'Shall peace reſult from his auſpicious birth!'

The pious ſhepherds, ſtruck with awe profound,
With eager ears drank in th' extatic ſound;
With hope elate to *Bethl'em* they repair'd,
And ſought the wond'rous child their ſouls rever'd.
No downy couch his tender limbs ſuſtain'd,
The humbleſt ſhed his infant form contain'd.
Ah! what imports, bleſt babe, thy birth obſcure!
Auguſt thy lineage! though thy parents poor:
Sprung from illuſtrious DAVID's regal line,
Thy great progenitor ſhalt thou outſhine.
'Glory to GOD!—to the wide peopled earth
'Shall peace reſult from thy auſpicious birth!'
Thus ſung, in rapture's note, the humble ſwains,
Then ſought their peaceful flocks, and native plains.

Theſe ſtrains the mother treaſur'd in her mind,
And oft their myſtic import ſought to find.
The deſtin'd ſeaſon of confinement o'er,
The holy babe ſhe to the temple bore;
Fulfill'd the ſacred rituals of the law,
To *Nazareth* they haſten to withdraw;
But ere they quit fair *Sion*'s hallow'd court,
Thither a ſage, and matron ſaint, reſort;
Led by an impulſe of celeſtial grace,
To view the promis'd Saviour of their race:
The hoary ſage enwrapt him in his arms,
And, as he gaz'd upon his infant charms,
His languid blood in ſwifter currents flow'd,
With extacy divine his boſom glow'd;
Then rais'd his joy-expreſſive eyes to heav'n,
Grateful the bleſſing long foretold was giv'n:
A light, whoſe cloudleſs ſplendor ſhall illume
The nations, ſunk in error's darkeſt gloom!
Th' exulting matron pour'd her pious ſtrain,
And ſung the bleſſings of MESSIAH's reign.

And now to lowly *Bethl'em*'s calm retreat,
His virgin mother bends her careful feet.

Whilſt to the ſhepherd race of *Judah*'s line,
Angelic ſongs announc'd the birth divine,
A radiant Meteor, glitt'ring in the ſkies,
Attracts th' *Arabian** ſages' curious eyes;
On night's dark brow, its vivid ſplendor thrown
O'er heav'n's expanſe, with peerleſs luſtre ſhone;
Innoxious, as the pale moon's ſoften'd light
Its beams; though as a blazing comet bright.
Taught by a voice divine, they turn'd their way
To *Judah*'s realms; led by its golden ray:
Their boſoms warm'd with ardent zeal, to find
Th' Illuſtrious Child, for high events deſign'd.——

Thus, when from cruel *Egypt*'s faithleſs coaſt
Withdrew the injur'd *Iſraelitiſh* hoſt,

* It is ſuppoſed, that the wiſe men, whoſe viſit to our Saviour in his infancy is recorded in the 2d chapter of *Matthew*, came from *Arabia*; which, in ſcripture, is frequently called the Eaſt.

As on they journey'd, o'er the trackleſs waſte,
Before their ſteps a cloudy pillar paſt,
Their heaven-directed guide by day; by night,
A fiery orb diffus'd its friendly light.

What time *Jeruſalem* the ſages gain,
They, there, the wiſh'd intelligence obtain:
This new-born King, what ſhades obſcure conceal'd,
Whoſe birth the radiant miracle reveal'd.
Full ſoon the *Jewiſh* tyrant's jealous ears,
The object of their toilſome journey hears;
And wild imagination's boding eyes,
A future rival, in the child, deſcries.
Check, haughty tyrant! check thy cauſeleſs fear!
He ſhall not from thy hand the ſceptre tear.
'Tis o'er the ſoul *his* empire ſhall extend!
'Tis man's proud will to truth, *his* laws ſhall bend!
Not all the ſplendid trifles men adore,
Honour's vain pomp, or Gold's enchanting ore;

Nor mad Ambition's quenchleſs thirſt of fame,
Shall his pure breaſt with one deſire inflame!
No rival, then, proud king! thy impious mind,
In this meek Prince of Peace and Truth, ſhalt find.

Herod enjoin'd the ſages to reſort,
With ſwifteſt haſte, to his tyrannic court;
And with feign'd zeal, and well-diſſembled art,
Conceal'd the murd'rous purpoſe of his heart.
'When your aſſiduous ſearch' he ſaid, 'ſhall find
'The child, our *Iſrael*'s future king deſign'd,
'Return, direct my eager feet the way,
'That I may alſo my glad homage pay.'

Eager to gain the deſtin'd goal, they leave
The gloomy tyrant, ſkilful to deceive;
Full in th' æthereal vault their eyes they caſt,
Before them ſtill the ſplendid Meteor paſt;
Nor check'd its radiant progreſs, till it came
Where lodg'd the infant and the humble dame.

Though poor his parents, though obſcure his birth,
They hail him as GOD's nobleſt gift to earth!

In that ſtill hour, when lenient nature throws
O'er human toil, the mantle of repoſe,
Their docile minds, a viſion all divine
Informs of the fierce monarch's black deſign;
Its warning voice all-cheerful they obey,
And journey homeward by a different way.
How glow'd their heav'n-taught breaſts with pious zeal,
How anxious each compatriot's mind ſhould feel
The all-victorious pow'r of truth divine,
The human ſoul t' ennoble, and refine!

Say, what bright form burſts through the gloom of night,
And ſheds a flood of radiance on the ſight?
'Tis ſome mild envoy from the court above,
Sent on a kindred embaſſy of love.
'Shake off ſleep's ſilken bands, this inſtant riſe,'
He to the infant's foſter-father cries,

'Forſake the precincts of thy native land,
'Seek an aſylum on th' *Egyptian* ſtrand;
'HEROD, reſolv'd the infant to deſtroy,
'Will every art of cruelty employ:
'In that once hoſtile clime hath GOD deſign'd,
'Ye from his fury ſhall protection find:
'There, all-obedient to his will, ſojourn,
'Till, on ſome new commiſſion, I return.'

Hark! what ſoul-harrowing groans of deep deſpair
Float on the gale, and ſtrike my trembling ear!
What mean thoſe ſhrieks of woe, that wild uproar,
And, Oh! my heart, that crimſon tide of gore?

Thou ſun, whoſe eye o'erlook'ſt earth's every clime,
Say, in the periods of revolving time,
Say, didſt thou e'er ſo black a ſcene ſurvey,
As ſtamps with infamy this woe-fraught day?
Lo! the revengeful tyrant's cruel hand
Hath ſent, accurſed deed! a ruffian band,

Each helpleſs innocent, whoſe tender age
Expos'd him to the proud barbarian's rage,
Deaf to ſoft pity's pleadings, to deſtroy
And ſtop the fountain of domeſtic joy.

Yon frantic mother! ſee her feeble arm,
That erſt was wont to guard her babe from harm,
Struggles in vain the deathful ſteel to wreſt
From that fierce hand, which ſeeks her infant's breaſt;
Whilſt pangs more cruel than the dying know,
Diſtend her tortur'd heart with cureleſs woe.

Blood-thirſty monſter! ſcandal to a throne!
What though the faithleſs ſplendor of a crown
Dazzles thine eye, and ſwells thy heart with pride,
And leads thee Heav'n's dread Sov'reign to deride;
His hand retributive ſhall quickly ſhed
Phials of wrath on thy devoted head!

Already, ſee the puniſhment begins,
The awful reck'ning for ten thouſand ſins!
Stretch'd on the bed of death, behold him lie;
Peace, hope, and pity, from his pillow fly.
Loathſome diſeaſe, that mocks the force of art,
With burning rage aſſails each vital part.*
The trait'reſs Conſcience, from her long repoſe,
Awakes, to add new horror to his woes.
His once-lov'd murder'd MARIAMNE's form,†
In all the bloom of youthful beauty warm,
Preſents itſelf to fancy's tortur'd ſight,
And his heart throbs with pangs of wild affright.
'Shield me,' I hear the ſhudd'ring tyrant cry,
'From the dread glance of her reproachful eye:'
Then, to the viſion of his tortur'd brain,
Appears the ſlaughter'd white-rob'd infant train:

* Although the ſacred Hiſtorians are ſilent relative to the particular circumſtances of *Herod*'s death, *Joſephus* has given a ſhocking deſcription of them, in his Antiquities of the Jews, Book 17.

† Such was the barbarity of this monſter, that he put to death, by a public execution, his wife *Mariamne*, to whom he was paſſionately attached, on a groundleſs ſuſpicion of unchaſtity, and a deſign to poiſon him.

The ſtrangled pledges of connubial love,*
'Midſt the pale band, in ſolemn ſilence move.
Mark! mark his fiery eye-balls, how they glare
In all the wildeſt horrors of deſpair!
Thus ſinks the Royal Wretch, in death's dread gloom,
And execrations wait him to the tomb!

Behold, again, commiſſion'd from the ſkies,
To *Egypt*'s realms the joyful angel flies;
In JOSEPH's ear reveals—the foes were dead,
From whoſe inſatiate cruelty he fled.
The humble exiles hail the bleſt command,
That guides their footſteps to their native land.

The *infant* JESUS grew in ſtrength apace,
And, as his years increas'd, he grew in grace:†

* After *Mariamne*'s death, *Herod* cauſed their two ſons, *Alexander* and *Ariſtobulus*, to be ſtrangled in priſon, on ſuſpicions, alſo, without foundation.

† "The child grew, and waxed ſtrong in ſpirit; and the grace of GOD was with him." *Luke* ii. 40.

No puerile ſports amus'd his opening mind,*
His ſoul he felt for nobleſt deeds deſign'd;
And GOD and man approving, bleſs'd the youth,
The deſtin'd teacher of eternal truth.

What time twice fifteen circling years had run
Their wonted progreſs round the central ſun,
Obedient to the heavenly voice, he goes
Where ſilver *Jordan*'s hallow'd current flows:
Th' abſtemious prophet, there, his followers gave
Ablution, in the conſecrated wave;
From him, his delegated herald's hands,
His future Lord the ſacred rite demands:
When, lo! a lambent radiance o'er his head,
Of dove-like form, its hov'ring pinions ſpread:

* This idea is borrowed from MILTON:

" When I was yet a child, no childiſh play
" To me was pleaſing, all my mind was ſet
" Serious to learn, and know, and thence to do
" What might be public good: myſelf I thought
" Born to that end;"——

PARADISE REGAINED, Book I.

A voice majeſtic thus was heard to ſay,
'THIS IS MY SON, HIS HIGH BEHESTS OBEY.'

Led by th' inſpiring GOD, fair *Jordan's* ſhores
He quits, and the drear deſert's gloom explores.
His mind he felt capacious, to receive
What lore divine th' Almighty voice* ſhould give.
Clear to his mental eye, he ſaw pourtray'd,
Life's future ſcenes; the ſplendor, and the ſhade:
But the vain ſplendor, which weak man admires,
Which wiſdom ſhuns, which ſick'ning pride deſires,
His godlike ſoul with indignation ſpurn'd,
His breaſt with more divine ambition burn'd;
That his pure laws, fram'd by th' Eternal Mind,
Might raiſe to virtue and to bliſs, mankind;
That his example might direct the way
To the fair manſions of unfading day:

* "For I have not ſpoken of myſelf; but the Father which ſent me, he gave me a command-
"ment what I ſhould ſay, and what I ſhould ſpeak. And I know that his commandment is life
"everlaſting; whatſoever I ſpeak, therefore, even as the Father ſaid unto me, ſo I ſpeak."
John xii. 49, 50.

Whilſt faith's firm eye dwelt on theſe views ſublime,
He ſcorn'd the tranſient injuries of time!*
There, by reflexion, abſtinence, and prayer,
His mind was form'd, life's future toils to bear.

Now paſt the long probation's irkſome ſcene,
His glowing boſom felt the GOD within.
On to the ſynagogue his ſteps he bent,
His ſoul on his great Father's work intent.
There, in the volume of the law he read,
What of himſelf the *ſage prophetic* ſaid.†
'Me doth JEHOVAH, by his Spirit, teach,
'Deſtin'd the goſpel to the poor to preach;
'To eaſe the hopeleſs ſufferer's fierceſt pains,
'And break, O ſin! thy ſoul-enſlaving chains.'

* "Who, for the joy that was ſet before him, endured the croſs, deſpiſing the ſhame, and is "ſet down at the right hand of the throne of GOD."——*Heb.* xii. 2.

† "The ſpirit of the Lord GOD is upon me, becauſe JEHOVAH hath ANOINTED me to preach "good tidings unto the meek; he hath SENT me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim li-"berty to the captives, and the opening of the priſon to them that are bound: to proclaim the "acceptable year of JEHOVAH, &c."——*Iſaiah* lxi. 1, 2. See alſo *Luke* iv. 18, 19.

Then clos'd the ſacred book:——and thus began
To unfold his miſſion's comprehenſive plan.
'Friends, brethren, countrymen, behold, in me,
'Fulfill'd, the language of this prophecy;
'With joyful zeal, commiſſion'd from above,
'I come, GOD's choſen meſſenger of love;
'Glad news of life eternal to impart,
'With lore divine to meliorate the heart;
'Remoteſt nations in one faith to bind,
'And reign the ſov'reign of the humble mind.'

Amazement on the gazing audience ſeiz'd,
Struck with his language, with his manner pleas'd;
But ſoon to gallful envy pleaſure turn'd,
Their canker'd minds with hell-born fury burn'd;
Enrag'd a poor mechanic* dar'd to claim
Their long foretold MESSIAH'S glorious name:

* Commentators of eminence have been of opinion that the holy Saviour of mankind, previous to his entrance on his public miniſtry, followed the occupation of his reputed father, who, we find from the ſacred hiſtory, was a carpenter.

Their ſouls, by no celeſtial paſſions fir'd,
Nought but ſublunar wealth and pomp deſir'd;
To lay the ſoaring Roman eagle low,
And to their yoke their proud oppreſſors bow.
But Thou, great GOD! Thou wiſely didſt decree,
Of birth obſcure ſhould thy MESSIAH be;
That man might his divine religion trace,
To flow alone from thine unbounded grace.

Ye vain philoſophers, ye ſceptics, ſay,
Did no fond prejudice your boſoms ſway?
Say, would ye deem a ſcheme ſo vaſt, ſo grand,*
Were the production of a human hand?

* "There is a vaſtneſs in the Chriſtian ſcheme itſelf, to which nothing, that we read of "the ſchemes and projects of mere men, ever approached; and the object and extent of it "would appear much more amazing, if we could diveſt our minds of the ideas we have received "from Chriſtianity, and which are now become familiar to us. The deſign of it is no leſs than "to unite all mankind, of all nations and languages, and make them happy, by the practice of "virtue, in a future ſtate. The Apoſtles were commanded, by CHRIST, to go and diſciple all "nations, without diſtinction of *Jew* or *Gentile*, bond or free. They entered upon their taſk "with entire confidence of ſucceſs, and never deſpaired, though they themſelves died martyrs to "it, and ſaw it carried into execution but very imperfectly in their life time. What was there

"like

Though not their real worth would I impeach,
Did e'er your SOCRATES, your ZENO, teach
A moral code, ſo pure in every part,
So form'd to elevate the glowing heart?
Did e'er *their* minds conceive a plan ſublime,
To comprehend each diſtant age and clime?
E'er at *their* bidding, did the whirlwind ceaſe,
Or ocean's madd'ning waves ſubſide to peace?
Did e'er *their* touch, death's frozen hand revive?
Or e'en to pain's wan form new vigour give?

Exalted SOCRATES! thou man divine!
Though zeal unmatch'd, in virtue's cauſe, was thine,

" like this, in the views of the heathen philoſophers, many of whom travelled into diſtant coun-
" tries in ſearch of wiſdom; and, therefore, were moſt likely to hit upon ſome ſuch extenſive
" ſcheme, comprehending various nations of the world? Yet all their ſchemes were narrow and
" confined, in compariſon of this, which was engaged in by perſons infinitely inferior to them
" in every thing that could be reckoned, *a priori*, an advantage for ſuch an undertaking. To
" account for this, and alſo for the ſucceſsful preaching of Chriſtianity, appears to me to be a
" problem of much more difficult ſolution, than any that occur, upon the ſuppoſition of its truth;
" admitting, as we muſt do, that there are difficulties in it, to which we cannot give ſo compleat
" and ſatisfactory an anſwer as we could wiſh."

Its efforts, though with wond'ring eyes we view,
Small the ſucceſs thine arduous labours knew;
Still to the ſhrines of idol gods, mankind,
With baſe proſtration, all their vows confin'd;
Their hopes in gloomy ſuperſtition plac'd,
And rites obſcene the ſolemn farce diſgrac'd:
For thou, no deſignation from above
Could'ſt e'er evince, thy doctrine's truth to prove.

JESUS, of teachers Thou ſupremely bleſt,
Stupendous deeds thy miſſion's truth atteſt!
On the dim eye-ball, long depriv'd of ſight,
At thy command, quick ruſh'd a flood of light.
Its organs, long in ſilence clos'd, the ear
Tranſported, learnt thy voice divine to hear.
The dumb, his tongue unbound, ſoon caught the art,
In friendſhip's ear, to pour forth all his heart.
The furious maniac felt his rage ſubſide,
His boiling blood flow'd in a ſlower tide;

No more black thoughts of horror ſway'd his mind,
Deſpair, its empire to ſoft Hope reſign'd;
Again, the lamp of reaſon brightly burn'd,
And peace, long-wand'ring, to his breaſt return'd.
The palſy'd limb, its vital ſtrength regain'd;
Its priſtine health, the fever'd frame obtain'd.
The weeping parent, of his child bereav'd,
From Thee, that child, to life reſtor'd, receiv'd.
E'en the fierce tempeſt thy mild voice obey'd,
And thy beheſt the raging ocean ſway'd!
Struck with amazement at thy wondrous pow'r,
Men praiſe thy GOD,* and bleſſings on Thee ſhow'r;
Pow'r, ſtill exerted but to bleſs mankind,
The nobleſt image of a godlike mind!

How humble his exalted ſpirit ſtill,
When nature's laws, ſubmiſſive, own'd his will!

* "But when the multitude ſaw it, they marvelled, and glorified GOD, who had given ſuch "power unto men."——*Matth.* ix. 8.

Whilſt wonder and delight ſwell'd every breaſt,
His voice divine the audience thus addreſt:
'Not to myſelf be theſe high acts aſcrib'd,
'From GOD,* is all my energy deriv'd:
'Withheld were that, nought could this hand atchieve;
'To GOD alone, then, all the glory give:
'Wide to diffuſe His praiſe, from whom I came,
'Is my glad ſpirit's unremitting aim.'

What piety to GOD, what love to man,
Through his bleſt life's unſullied current ran!
Oft, at its vermeil dawn, the bright-ey'd ſun
Beheld his homage to his GOD begun,
And when its ſetting beams in darkneſs clos'd,
And toil in ſlumber's torpid arms repos'd,
Full oft his ſoaring ſpirit would delight
In pure devotion to employ the night.

* "I can of mine own ſelf do nothing." *John* v. 30.——"The Father that dwelleth in me, "He doeth the works." *John* xiv. 20.

How prone to ſympathy his gen'rous breaſt,
Thy humble ſcenes, O *Bethany*, atteſt!
Though conſcious of reſiſtleſs pow'r to ſave,
Faſt fell his tears o'er friendſhip's hallow'd grave:
He ſhar'd the anguiſh of fraternal grief,*
Till the glad moment of compleat relief.

Ne'er ſought, accurſt debaſer of the mind,
Inſatiate Avarice! thy ſlaves to find
Treaſures of ſplendid ore, with equal zeal
As JESUS ſought the woes of men to heal.
Bleſt meſſenger of love divine to man!
Bleſt teacher he of truth's exalted plan!
How form'd his hallow'd precepts to impart
Peace to the world, and pleaſure to the heart!
Ye, who are caught in folly's guileful ſnare,
Or whom with cruel rage the paſſions tear,

* "When Jeſus therefore ſaw her weeping, and the Jews alſo weeping which came with her, "he groaned in the ſpirit, and was troubled."——*John* xi. 33.

With reverend ear his heav'n-taught lore arreſt,
Thus ſhall your ſouls with peace and hope be bleſt;
Thus, when are paſt life's puerile joys and cares,
Shall boundleſs bliſs be yours, through Heav'n's unnumber'd years.

END OF PART I.

PART II.

IMMORTAL TRUTH! fair light of Heaven! to thee,
With duteous love, I bend th' adoring knee.
Sun of the moral world, ſoon may thy ray
Chaſe the thick miſt of prejudice away;
Then human creeds ſhall fall before thy ſhrine,
As *Dagon* fell before the ark divine;
And find, bleſt thought! an everlaſting grave,
Ingulph'd in dark oblivion's ſtagnant wave:
Tyrannic man, ſhall then no more controul
GOD's undivided empire o'er the ſoul;
But HE, whom the *Great Father* SENT, ſhall reign;
Kindneſs, his law; his Church, his ſole domain.

With what mild dignity the Saviour ſpoke,
When from his lips theſe holy accents broke!——

'Come, learn of me* the wiſdom from above,
'And let thy heart expand with ſocial love;
'Nor to thy country be that love confin'd,
'But in its warm embrace enfold mankind.*
'Pallid with penury, if at thy door
'Thy bittereſt foe ſhould charity implore,
'Freely ſhalt thou the ſuppliant wretch forgive,
'And all his wants with liberal hand relieve.†
'Let thy kind heart, with ſympathetic zeal,
'The bleeding wounds of ſorrow ſeek to heal;
'When keen diſeaſe aſſails the trembling frame,
'Its pangs to ſoften be thy lenient aim;
'Nor be it thine alone to melt at woe,
'And pity's ev'ry tribute to beſtow,
'Within thy breaſt let pureſt tranſports riſe,
'Whene'er a brother's bliſs attracts thine eyes;
'And o'er each deed of Charity's kind hand,
'Let bluſhing Modeſty her veil expand.§

* See the parable of the Samaritan. *Luke* x. 33—37. † Matth. v. 44. § Matth. vi. 3.

'Be meek Humility a cheriſh'd gueſt
'In the calm manſion of thy artleſs breaſt;
'Thus, ſhall no furious paſſion's ardent beam
'Dazzle thy mental eye with meteor gleam;
'But Peace, fair daughter of the ſky! ſhall ſhed
'Her choiceſt bleſſings on thy favour'd head.*
'Suffer no falſehood, oath, or jeſt obſcene,
'The gifts of ſpeech and reaſon to demean;
'Still ſhalt thou rectitude's ſtrict laws obey,
'And purity each meaner paſſion ſway.
'If thou from duty ſeeſt a brother ſlide,
'Thy cenſures let benignant mercy guide;
'As thou ſhalt judge, ſo ſhall Heav'n's ſov'reign Lord
'Favour or puniſhment to thee award.†

'Ye, who to virtue's nobleſt heights would riſe,
'Sublunar honour let your ſouls deſpiſe:
'Vain phantom of an hour! her treacherous ray
'Hath thouſands led from wiſdom's paths aſtray!

* Matth. v. 5.

† Matth. vii. 1, 2, &c.

'Your warm deſires let no ambition move,
'Save ſuch as GOD and *reaſon* ſhall approve.†

'With watchful care, the thirſt of power controul,‡
'That ardent fever of the ſickening ſoul:
'Quick as time's yielding hand one boon ſupplies,
'Some new-born wiſhes in the heart ariſe.
'Each anxious care for future life ſubdue,
'And fix on GOD's all-ruling hand thy view.
'Mark the gay birds‖ that cleave the trackleſs air,
'No grain they ſow, no winter ſtorehouſe ſhare;
'Yet GOD regards their ſupplicating eyes,
'*His* hand, all provident, their wants ſupplies.
'The flow'ry tribes ſurvey, that in the dale‖
'Uncultur'd bloſſom, and perfume the gale;
'No pining care, no waſting toil, they know,
'Yet dreſt in beauty's livelieſt colourings glow:
'Art's mimic hand would emulate in vain
'The radiant dyes that deck this humble train.

† John v. 44. ‡ Mark x. 42—45. ‖ Luke xii. 24, 27, 28.

'Since this fair train their Maker's care employ,
'Who ſpread o'er nature's face the ſmile of joy,
'Yet doom'd, ſhort date! to-morrow to expire,
'And feed the frugal matron's houſhold fire;*
'Surely, O Man! thou, of far nobler race,
'Shalt largely ſhare in his paternal grace.

'Whilſt ſordid worldlings all their cares confine
'To wealth and pow'r, a nobler aim be thine;
'Be it thy deareſt hope, thy life's great end,
'In thy Creator to ſecure a friend,
'The glories of his kingdom to attain,
'Immenſe reward of momentary pain!
'Seek, with inceſſant ardour, to ſecure
'Wealth, that ſhall through eternity endure:
'In heav'n, no ruſt corrodes, no ruffian arm†
'Shall ſeize thy treaſure, or thy breaſt alarm;

* Fuel is ſo ſcarce in the Eaſtern countries, that though their conſumption of it is ſmall, compared with our's, they are obliged to uſe for that purpoſe herbs, plants, and even the parings of fruits.——See HARMER's Obſervations on Scripture, vol. ii. p. 264.

† Matth. vi. 20.

'No mildew taint, no blighting worm deſtroy,
'In that fair clime, the rip'ning flow'rs of joy.

'Seek'ſt thou, diſciple of my truth, to know
'On what rich ſtock the germs of virtue grow?
'From rational devotion's healthful root,
'The vig'rous plants of genuine virtue ſhoot
'With awe profound the GOD of all adore,‡
'Weak in thyſelf, from Him new ſtrength implore.
'If to JEHOVAH's ever-gracious ear
'The voice of pray'r aſcends with filial fear,
'Soon to thy wiſh imparted, ſhalt thou find
'New energies ſpring up within thy mind:
'This is the Law, th' eternal Law of Heav'n—
'To them who humbly aſk, ſhall much be giv'n.
'In mem'ry's records be this truth impreſt,
'Whom with exalted talents GOD hath bleſt,
'From them his laws, ſupremely wiſe! require
'That to ſublimeſt virtue they aſpire:

‡ Matth xxii. 37.

'With ardent zeal thy talents then improve,
'Be ever prompt to ev'ry act of love;
'He who ſuperior diligence employs,
'Superior honours and ſuperior joys,
'Each arduous toil ſuſtain'd below, ſhall crown,
'When time's deluſive ſhadows all are flown.

'Ere long ſhall death's pale hand in ſilence ſeal
'Theſe lips, that, taught by GOD,* with fervent zeal
'To you, the laws of truth divine reveal.
'Malignant envy! darkeſt fiend of hell!
'To murder's fouleſt deed ſhall man impel;
'Yet, not the awful confines of the tomb
'Shall long enſhroud me in funereal gloom;
'Ere thrice the ſolar orb illume the ſkies,
'To life, to life immortal, ſhall I riſe!

* "Jeſus anſwered them, and ſaid, My doctrine is not mine, but his that ſent me."——*John* vii. 18.——"Then ſaid Jeſus unto them, When ye have lift up the Son of man, then ſhall "ye know that I am he, and that I do nothing of myſelf; but as my Father hath taught me, I "ſpeak theſe things."——*John* viii. 28.

'And ye, who follow where I lead the way,
'Who truth's mild laws with warm delight obey,
'Ye ſhall my honour, bliſs, and glory ſhare,
'For where I am, my ſervants ſhall be there;
'Check, then, the ſigh that agitates each breaſt,
'Your friend, your maſter, ſhall be quickly bleſt;
'Crown'd with that glory GOD's all-ruling mind,
'Ere man or earth were form'd, for him deſign'd;
'Ceaſe then, my haſt'ning ſufferings to deplore,
'Know, when time's evaneſcent ſcenes are o'er,
'Heav'n's curtain, wide unfolding, ſhall diſplay,
'In all the ſplendor of celeſtial day,
'That meſſenger of GOD men now diſdain,
'Myriads of angels following in his train.
'By him then GOD ſhall judge the human race,
'And all who piety ſincere embrace,
'Though frail and erring, yet to life and joy,
'To life eternal, bliſs without alloy,
'Shall gladſome riſe, through clemency divine,
'And, veſted with immortal honours, ſhine;

'Whilſt thoſe who virtue's ſacred dictates hate,
'Shall find perdition their tremendous fate.
'Ah! fear not then the fellow-worm, whoſe pow'r
'Is bounded by time's tranſitory hour;
'Fear Him alone, on whoſe controuling breath
'Depend the horrors of eternal death.'

Now anxious for each lov'd diſciple's weal,
His GOD he ſupplicates with ardent zeal,
That truth's mild flame their ſpirits may refine,
And, free from droſs, virtue's rich ore may ſhine.
'Father, he ſaid, great Lord omnipotent!
'As *Thou* haſt *me*, have *I them* alſo ſent;
'Nor would my ſoul to them confine its care,
'All who may own my truth, my pray'rs ſhall ſhare;
'Be they in ſacred union* ſtill with Thee,
'As *I* with *Thee*, and *Thou*, O GOD, with *me*;

* "Neither pray I for theſe alone, but for them alſo which ſhall believe on me through their "word: that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee; that they all may "be one in us."——*John* xvii. 21, 22.

'Thy choiceſt bleſſings ever on them ſhow'r,
'Still may they feel my truth's transforming pow'r,
'That the vain world, to ſcoffing prone, may know
'From Thee I came, from Thee my precepts flow;
'That endleſs glory Thou decreeſt as mine,
'Such glory to my followers I aſſign.
'Father, whom I with ſacred awe adore,
'From thy unbounded goodneſs I implore,
'That where I am, there may my ſervants be,
'To ſhare that glory I derive from Thee.'

And now drew on the dark eventful hour,
When fraudful malice prov'd its mightieſt pow'r.
He ſaw a death of agony and ſhame
Would rack each nerve, and blot his ſpotleſs name;
He ſaw the dear companions of his ſoul
Would bow their ſpirits to fear's baſe controul,
And burſting friendſhip's adamantine tie,
When danger threaten'd, from their Lord would fly:

Each circumſtance terrific well he knew,
And nature ſhudder'd at the dreadful view.
Sequeſter'd in a garden's ſoothing ſhade,
With warm devotion to *his* GOD he pray'd;
But, O! what pow'rs of language can impart
The tort'ring conflicts of his feeling heart?
Th' Omniſcient ſaw the ſtrugglings of his ſoul,
And its impetuous tumults to controul,
With comfort's healing balm his grief t' allay,
Sent a kind Seraph* from the realms of day.
Frailty, no more with reſignation ſtrove,
But found itſelf ſubdued by ſacred love;
Fir'd with the glorious hope to bleſs mankind,
His ſoul, to meet death's fierceſt pangs, reſign'd.†

Led by a treach'rous friend, the murd'rous band
Seiz'd the mild victim's unreſiſting hand.
Thou lucre's vileſt ſlave! thou human fiend!
Thou baſe betrayer of thy Lord and friend!

* Luke xxii. 42.

† See again Heb. xii. 2.

Remorſe ſhall quickly harrow up thy ſoul,
Nor gold's deluſive charms its pangs controul;
Deſpair ſhall ſeize thee as his legal prey,
And thy black ſoul to death's dread ſhades convey.

How, Juſtice, were thy awful rites abus'd,
When, at thy bar, of treaſons foul accus'd,*
Jesus, the wiſe, the humble, juſt, and good,
Conſcious of innocence, ſerenely ſtood!
The cruel ſcourge his tender fleſh that tore,
With unrepining conſtancy he bore;
The gorgeous raiment, and the thorny crown,
The taunts of ſcorn, and pride's imperious frown,
Wak'd no vindictive paſſions in his mind,
Nor check'd his fervent love for human kind.
Far from his ſide, his lov'd diſciples fled,
And, like a guileleſs lamb, to ſlaughter led.†
Judea's matrons on his ſteps attend,
And mourn the fate of man's *unwearied friend.*

* Luke xxiii. 2.

† Iſaiah liii. 7.

All-great in woe, his pity-beaming eyes
On them he turns, and meekly thus replies:
'Ye daughters of *Jeruſalem*, forbear
'To pour for me compaſſion's fruitleſs tear;
'But rather, for your own impending woe,
'Suffer, uncheck'd, the tide of grief to flow.
'Soon deſolation's unrelenting hand
'Shall fiercely ravage your devoted land;
'Soon ſhall ye wiſh, by unknown woes oppreſt,
'Some rock would hide you in its flinty breaſt;
'Soon ſhall ye wiſh, that from their ſolid baſe,
'Mountains would reel, and cruſh your helpleſs race.'*

As paſſing through the vale of death's dim ſhade,
What warm benevolence his ſoul diſplay'd;
His ruthleſs murd'rers his compaſſion ſhare,
For them, his ſpirit breathes the fervent pray'r:
'FATHER Divine!' the holy ſufferer ſaid,
'Let not this crime to their account be laid;'†

* Luke xxiii. 30.

† Luke xxiii. 34.

'The blindneſs of their erring minds forgive,
'And may they yet my ſacred truth receive!'

Bleſt pattern to mankind! teacher divine!
In every ſcene how bright thy virtues ſhine,
Each various precept which thy laws ordain'd,
Thy life diſplay'd with purity unſtain'd!
Great GOD! ſtill may *his* precepts fire my ſoul,
And each terreſtrial hope or fear controul;
When danger frowns, revive my ſhrinking heart,
And hope, the ſunſhine of the mind, impart.
When pleaſure's voice invites to ſeek her bow'r,
Teach me to ſhun the ſmiling flatt'rer's pow'r,
And guide my pilgrim footſteps in the way
That leads to regions of ethereal day;
Where He, exalted near thy throne divine,
Ever in glory's richeſt robes ſhall ſhine.

And now, extended on the direful tree,
Celeſtial virtue's peerleſs martyr ſee!

The blackeſt horrors of that dreadful ſcene,
The holy victim bore with mind ſerene;
But when his dark'ning eye faintly deſcried
His gentle mother, weeping near his ſide,
'Midſt the keen ſufferings of that tort'ring hour,
He felt all filial love's ſoul-ſoft'ning pow'r;*
And thus, in accents tremulous, addreſt
The friend who moſt his confidence poſſeſt:
'To thy kind care this laſt bequeſt receive,
'Tis all thy maſter hath on earth to give;
'Her, as a mother, let thy heart revere,
'And thou, my parent, hold him ever dear.'

But the keen anguiſh of her ſoul to paint,
The livelieſt glow of eloquence how faint!

* "When Jeſus therefore ſaw his mother, and the diſciple ſtanding by whom he loved, he "ſaid unto his mother, Woman, behold thy ſon! Then ſaid he to the diſciple, Behold thy "mother! And from that hour that diſciple took her to his own home."

"This ſhort and affecting drawing of tender friendſhip, heightened by filial piety, and exerted "in the agony of a painful death, is above all comment; and, with many other pictures in the "ſacred books, cannot fail, one ſhould think, to touch every heart, by the beautiful ſimplicity and "energy with which they are enforced."——See a Dialogue on Friendſhip and Society, by the Tranſlator of the Life of PETRARCH, page 178.

Ye tender matrons, whoſe fond boſoms prove
The ſofteſt meltings of maternal love,
'Tis your's, kind ſpirits, your's alone to know
Her agonizing bitterneſs of woe.

Soothe, ſoothe, thou gentle mourner! ſoothe to reſt
The woes that agitate thy feeling breaſt;
Thy ſon ſhall riſe triumphant from the tomb,
And throw celeſtial radiance o'er its gloom;
From death's terrific dart ſhall pluck the ſting,
Bid ſoaring faith expand her boldeſt wing,
That future life divine, the gen'rous ſage,
In every clime hath taught with fond preſage;
He, riſing to yon radiant world on high,
In the clear viſion of th' aſtoniſh'd eye,
Shall with conviction's fulleſt light diſplay,
And chace each inauſpicious doubt away.

Now ſtruggling with the laſt keen pangs of death,
Shorter and ſhorter grew each quiv'ring breath;

In broken ſounds his fault'ring tongue addreſt
The GOD, whoſe truth undaunted he confeſt.
'Great arbiter of life! Father benign!
'To thy kind hand my ſpirit I reſign.'*
Dread thunders roll'd! the ſick'ning ſun grew pale!
Deep groan'd the voice of horror in the gale!
The mighty Hand, which gave to nature birth,
With fierce convulſions ſhook th' affrighted earth!
Atteſting ſtill the holy Saviour's plan
Was no fond dream of viſionary man.

In the cold ſepulchre's tremendous ſhade,
By friendſhip's care his dear remains were laid.
What time the third revolving morning's ray
Gave the firſt promiſe of approaching day,
Loaden with fragrant ſpices to the tomb,
Their minds, o'ercaſt with ſorrow's deepeſt gloom,
To pay the laſt ſad rites of love intent,
Their penſive ſteps the mournful matrons bent.

* Luke xxiii. 46.

The robes funereal ſcatter'd on the ground,
With wild emotions of ſurprize they found;
And whilſt their tearful eyes the ſcene ſurvey'd,
Where late the relics of their Lord were laid,
Sudden, as thought, to their aſtoniſh'd ſight,
Clad in a flowing robe of dazzling white,
An angel-form appear'd:——Celeſtial grace
Beam'd in each radiant feature of his face.
He ſpoke!—and muſic charm'd attention's ear,
And chang'd to tranſport every riſing fear;
'Why, in the realms of death, ſeek ye to find
'The Prince of peace, the Friend of human kind?
'All impotent the malice of his foes,
'Triumphant, from the grave, th' conqu'ror roſe.'

Whilſt their glad ears theſe wond'rous ſounds arreſt,
The pulſe of rapture throbb'd in ev'ry breaſt;
Joy wing'd each foot with ſpeed unknown before,
Their murder'd, their now living Lord t' explore.

The ſorrowing band of choſen friends they find
Abſorb'd in hopeleſs agony of mind.
With eager zeal, the matron's lips unfold
The wond'rous news the heav'nly envoy told;
But, to their woe-ſtruck minds, the bliſsful theme
Seem'd as the ſenſeleſs wand'rings of a dream.
Incredulous! Did mem'ry not record
The bleſt aſſurance of your martyr'd Lord,
'Ere thrice the ſolar orb illume the ſkies,
'To life, to life immortal! ſhall I riſe?'

But ſoon to chaſe each cloud of doubt away,
And cheer their minds with joy's enliv'ning ray,
Soon, to their view, appears their Lord, their friend,
Conviction, rapture, on his ſteps attend;
For in his ſacred hands, his feet, his ſide,
Are the dire marks of ev'ry wound deſcried.

Oft the great Teacher deign'd to be their gueſt,
Studious to fix his precepts in their breaſt;

And to the pleas'd attentive audience told,
How ev'ry Seer,* inſpir'd by GOD of old,
Predicted HE, for *truth*, for *man*, ſhould bleed,
And what bright ſcenes of glory ſhould ſucceed.
Renew'd each bleſt aſſurance erſt he gave,
Of life and boundleſs bliſs beyond the grave.
Whate'er within creation's ample round
Of great, or good, the ſearching eye† hath found,
What ſoothing viſions, in her boldeſt flight,
Fancy hath trac'd of ever-new delight,
Inferior all to that exalted joy,
Whoſe high-wrought raptures know no cold alloy,
In yon bright world of undeclining day,
Where flame-rob'd ſeraphs ſwell the lofty lay.

The time earth claims the gueſt divine, now flown,
The victor haſtens to receive his crown;
The crown of glory GOD's own hand beſtows,
The meed of his rich virtues, and his woes.

* Luke xxiv. 25, 26, 27. † 1 Cor. ii. 9.

On *Olivet* triumphant He aſcends,
Attended by the band of choſen friends;
There, his laſt bleſſing each diſciple ſhares,
There, his laſt accents greet their eager ears.
A lucid cloud, as pureſt ſilver bright,
Receives, and hides him from their raptur'd ſight.

Each coward principle of fear ſubdu'd,
Their minds with dauntleſs fortitude endued,
Joyful they to *Jeruſalem* return'd,
With pureſt zeal each glowing boſom burn'd,
Their Maſter's laws with unremitting care,
As his commands imported to declare,
To prove like his, their miſſion from above,
Were they impow'r'd to work like deeds of love.
Their arduous labours no ceſſation knew,
Immenſe the number of their converts grew,
Rome's poliſh'd ſons their idol gods reſign'd,*
And homage to the living GOD confin'd.

* Philip. iv. 22.

But yet though pure his laws, though form'd to cheer
Our toilſome journey through this vale of care,
To ſpread felicity through ev'ry clime,
And bid hope look beyond the bounds of time;
Their fate how dread, who ventur'd to confeſs
A faith ſo form'd the human race to bleſs!

Gaunt *Superſtition* rear'd his giant head,
And o'er his cheek fell Rage its crimſon ſpread;
Through ev'ry nerve he ſhook with wild diſmay,
To find his empire haſt'ning to decay,
And rallied all his forces to oppoſe
Truth's ardent friends, and his victorious foes.
But vain his toils the light of truth to hide,
They death in ev'ry horrid form defy'd;
Exulting in the view of pain and ſhame,
Bleſt Jesus! for thy lov'd exalted name.

But, ah! too ſoon, new ſtrength the monſter gain'd,
And all his execrable arts attain'd,

In darkeſt ſhades, truth's living light conceal'd,
And guilt's corroding wounds too ſlightly heal'd;
For true devotion's animating fire,
Potent to purify each low deſire,
To heights angelic to exalt the mind,
Whilſt in this pilgrim ſtate of toil confin'd,
Innum'rous ſoul-debaſing rites he taught,
With ev'ry mark of Pagan ſtupor fraught;
E'en mould'ring bones the ideot homage ſhar'd,
Of thoſe who their Creator ne'er rever'd;
Whilſt in a jargon, to themſelves unknown,
They paid their tribute at th' Eternal Throne.
His iron heart with unrelenting pride,
Would all the ſofter ties of life deride,
Fond* to immure, in the capacious womb
Of ſome ſequeſter'd cloyſter's living tomb,

* This line alludes to the doctrine of Indulgencies in the church of *Rome*. To ſuch a ſhocking height had the practice of ſelling indulgencies ariſen in the time of LEO Xth, that they were publickly hawked about the ſtreets by pedlary.

Thoſe who were form'd life's darkeſt hours to chear,
And every ſcene of ſocial joy endear;

Yet were there, in each age, a few, whoſe light
Pierc'd through the tenfold gloom of mental night,
Whoſe minds, of courage all-divine poſſeſt,
With fearleſs zeal the truth of GOD confeſt.

Indulgent Providence! bleſt be thy hand,
Which this deep gloom diſperſes from our land;
The radiant ſun of truth unfolds to view,
In all the ſplendor which of old it knew:
Still may its beams their healthful light diſplay,
Till, to the dawn, ſucceed meridian day!

Haſten, great GOD! the long-predicted time,
When Jesus ſhall be known in every clime;
When the red torch of war no more ſhall burn,
Nor feeling hearts o'er ſlaughter'd millions mourn;
And when, malignant ſcourge of every age,
Shall bigot fury ceaſe its deathful rage;

When ever-ſmiling concord's golden chain
Shall bind each clime through nature's fair domain;
When man his deſtiny divine ſhall prove
By all the tender charities of love;
When to the child of virtue ſhall be given,
To find e'en earth the bliſsful porch of heav'n!

FINIS.

When ever-smiling concord's golden chain
Shall bind each clime through nature's fair domain;
When man his deifiy divine shall prove
By all the tender charities of love;
When to the child of virtue shall be given,
To find o'er earth the blissful pearls of heav'n!

89 JY 25

FINIS.